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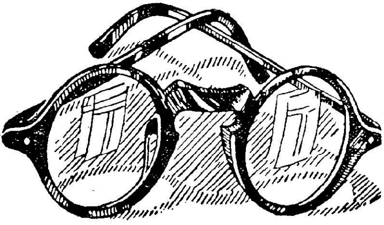

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The Scholar

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Defence of Values

BY NICHOLAS ROERICH

SPEAKING of the Pact for the preservation of artistic and scientific treasures I agree with you that all conventional Leagues and 'uncultured non-co-operations' as Masaryk called them lead to nothing. From this standpoint Pacts are nothing more than scraps of paper. My idea, however, is very different. For a long time I have been a member of the French Red Cross, having been elected life member, so that I am well aware of the history of this admirable institution, from the day of its foundation by Dunant.

I remember the irony and derision that hailed his idea, and this great Swiss was labelled utopian and mocked at for his impracticable ideas.

Seventeen years of steady labour were required before he was able to realise his humanitarian scheme, and what seemed impossible was eventually realized.

Even to-day, you will find people who take an evil pleasure in stating that Italian bombs recently destroyed the Red Cross hospitals. Barbarous incidents, however, do not affect the lofty ideals of the Red Cross. One can spit at and insult divine images, but this is not likely to change their character. When Millet's Angelus was disfigured by vandals, it did not lose its significance.

My idea concerning the preservation of artistic and scientific treasures aims at creating an international impulse to protect all that is precious and valuable to life.

If the Red Cross sign recalls humanitarianism, then a similar sign ought to remind mankind of its cultural treasures.

From his early school years and throughout all his social manifestations man should have a clear conception of the significance and the importance of art and science.

Pictorial impressions are the most lasting and decisive. If children, then, are taught from their early years to respect the Red Cross of Culture, then their consciousness is much more likely to rise to a higher plane. In our correspondence on such matters, we have received many interesting suggestions. In Paris, the well-known literary paper—*Les Nouvelles Litteraires*—has invited correspondence on the subject and is to publish letters from General Gamelin, Paul Jameau, Ugo Oggetti, Philadelphus and other prominent people. The subject was brought to the fore, in an article, by our friend De la Pradelle concerning the preservation of works of art in times of war. A professor once wrote to me: 'You rouse me and make me ashamed of myself and leave no room for pessimism and dejection.' If a man feels ashamed, then it means that he has begun to ponder over the value of art and science, which we should all do, morning, noon, and night. My effort, then, has been to stimulate thought towards a higher level rather than argue over scraps of paper.

If, as in the case of Dunant, we must put up with all sorts of abuse, this will not discourage us. The archives of literature and the opinions of all sorts of individuals point to endless strife and effort in this direction. Humanity is a long way from peace; nevertheless, on all hands, people to-day aspire towards the 'peace of all the world'.

This would seem to be a sublime utopia, and yet the human heart will never pray for war, even though this remains the infamous condition of our time.

Space is filled with prayers for the peace of the whole world, and, in this saturation of space there is light and optimism. And if it is not to be for us of to-day, then, let us hope that it will be for the humanity which is to come, and which we have been told to love. There may be very different opinions as to the present state of mankind and one can look upon scientific progress with pessimism or optimism. Just now, however, malice and hatred are pouring up from the pit of darkness and it is very difficult for people to see clearly. The weak in spirit do not understand how those who are predisposed to right conduct are often kept apart by trifling prejudices, which we ought to overcome by setting an example to the younger generation. Not so much time now remains for us to labour in this world and to set forth all

we have learnt from our contact with the most varied types of people.

Suspicion, belittlement, indifference there cannot be, where the heart is concerned, and so, let us continue to express the desires of the heart.

In all of us there is a fund of precious recollection which can be of use in all circumstances. You know that I and all of us have to undergo slander. Not long ago a friend wrote from Paris to say that certain people had invented all sorts of fiction about me, going as far as to allege that I did not paint my pictures. All this, however, has no effect because truth is a thing that will out. Long ago it was said—grief to-day, tomorrow joy.

Sociology

By KEWAL MOTWANI, A. M., Ph. D.

LIKE any other science, Sociology has been defined in various ways. The definitions alone, given by various sociologists, would fill many pages. But I think the best way to define our subject would be to take a group of people, a community, or a nation, study its social life in all its manifold aspects and then distill, out of the materials thus presented, our definition of sociology. We shall take the example of contemporary India, make a general survey of the totality of her life, of her entire culture-complex and then define our subject at the end.

By culture we mean something more than what Matthew Arnold meant, "the study of perfection, the disinterested search for sweetness and light," which consists "in being something rather than in having something, in inward condition of the mind and spirit, not in outward set of circumstances." Culture, in sociological parlance, means, as Tyler defined it, "that whole which includes knowledge, belief, art, morals, law, custom and other capabilities acquired by man as a member of society." By culture, we mean the totality of group life, both in its subjective and objective aspects. Culture is the tool-making, institution-making, value-making ability of man. Culture is a human product; no species of animals is known to have culture in this sense.

Now, two types of culture, with vastly different ideologies and values, have come face to face in India and are engaged in a deadly combat. India, with a rural, agricultural, handicraft culture, with an integrated view of life, with its emphasis on indefinable, qualitative values, on individual uniqueness, on dharma, on self-imposed poverty, on social synthesis, on subjective, broad-based nationalism, on a man and not the machinery of government, on a life of religious experience, unfoldment and tolerance, on power through repose, is confronted by a culture that stands for science and machine, for an urbanised mechanised order, for an analytical view of life with its emphasis on neurosis and complexes, for mass production, for quantitative values of life, for struggle for existence and survival of the fittest, for accumulation of wealth and economic imperialism, for assertive, arrogant nationalism, for democracy and dictatorship, for religion of scientific humanism and rationalism. This culture of

science and machine has taken a firm grip of India and is slowly seeping into her soul. *

II

This conflict of cultures, this process of acculturation, is producing a considerable amount of social disorganisation. Let us take an example. When the steam-engine, a trait of material culture of science and machine, came to India, it not only served to knit the various geographical units into an organic whole, but it also affected our social attitudes and organisation. It struck a death-blow at our caste system. All castes, high and low, began rubbing shoulders at the railway station and in the train compartment. The process of communication became accelerated, and social distance between various groups of people, artificially maintained by tradition and custom, began to take to wing. Our static society began to yield before the machine of the west. The caste system began to run away on the wheels of the train, the tram and the automobile. Communication is the heart and soul of all social and cultural change, as Professor Cooley, of the University of Michigan, pointed out many years ago.

India's life has gone through a considerable amount of transformation during the last hundred years or so. The culture of science and machine has come to stay with us, with all its products and processes. Cheap Manchester fabrics and prints have ousted the village weaver, now Manchester itself is being ousted by the Indian Manchesters of Ahemadabad, Bombay, and Madras. Village sugar industry was crushed out by imported sugar; that, in its turn, is replaced by indigenous sugar industry, with enormous capital invested in it. The American kerosine oil replaced oil from the hand-press of the village. Village pottery and brassware have yielded their places to aluminium and enamelled ironware of local and foreign makes. Every industry of the village has been affected. Mechanised, large-scale agriculture is beginning to make its appearance and the signs of its displacing the peasant are on the horizon. The village smithy is being replaced by the modern repair-shop. The village craftsmen are leaving their hereditary occupations on account of foreign competition. There is a migration of labour to cities. The railways have destroyed the economic self-sufficiency of the village. The old system of barter and payment of wages in kind has yielded before the money-economy. The village, which is the basic unit of our culture, is in ruins, and unemployment is rising every day.

The city is prospering at the cost of the village. Cities are growing in number and size. They combine financial, industrial

* A fuller analysis of the two types of cultures is given in the author's forth-coming book, "India; A Conflict of Cultures".

and educational functions, as do the cities of the west. The mill-centres, the engineering work-shops, the leather factories, the Jute mills, these and other specialised centres of industry are rising in India very rapidly. The machine has raised its mausoleums of coal, smoke, iron and steam, of dirt, squalor and over-crowding, of coolie-lines and human ware-houses, in our country also. The voluntary, spiritual co-operative communism of the village in which all the groups worked together for mutual welfare, has disappeared, and India is to-day broken up into two camps, arrayed against each other: capital and labour. Look where we will, we meet with this one problem in one form or another. The big landlord, the Zamindar, the petty raja, or the industrialist on the one hand, and the hari, the peasant, the kisan or the wage-earner on the other. Strikes, lockouts and sabotage are as common here as in the industrialised west. Conflict, not co-operation, is the basic pattern of our lives to-day, India is fast being dominated by Marxian philosophy of class-conflict and materialistic interpretation of history. The capitalistic class is undoubtedly a formidable group, already opposed to the interests of labour. Some of the legislation of socialistic hue, rushed through the various provincial legislatures and the amount of opposition it has given rise to, bears testimony to the extent to which class-conflict has gone in India. Industrialism, capitalism, class-war, this is the natural sequence. Once science and machine have gained admittance into a nation, they must move on in their relentless course. This is one of the sociological laws. A simple trait of culture, accepted by a group of people from another group, will send repurcussions throughout the social life. There is no retreat, no matter how much the group may shut its eyes. More science and more machine, but both yoked to India's welfare, this is the only sane attitude.

Another very powerful factor, contributing to our social dis-organisation, is the rapid increase in our population. Though our death rate is as high as 22 per thousand, the birth-rate is 35 : Our population in 1941 will shoot up to four hundred million, nearly twice as much as it was in 1881. Since 1921, the rate of growth has been a little over one per cent per annum. The life expectancy is very poor, 25 years compared with 55 years in U. S. and 58 in New Zealand. The average stature and weight of an Indian is diminishing. The amount of land used in India to produce food for an individual is ·84 acres, while it is 2·20 in Britain ! Such a great pressure of population on land must mean a steady decline in the fertility of soil as well as low standard of living, considering India's politically subordinate position at present. But we still continue to multiply our numbers indiscriminately; w

have no intelligent policy for controlling birth-rate, and we insist on exporting our surplus population abroad, thus creating serious inter-empire and inter-national complications.

With the rural life uprooted, with the land-man ratio upset, struggle for existence must become keener. Science and machine are no friends of the family institution. They are dealing sledge hammer blows to the sanctity of marriage wherever they have gone. Divorce and abortion put in their appearance and woman clamours for rights. The modern movie, a new contraption of science and machine, takes a hand in the game and puts virtue on the defence. Under such circumstances, the woman of India stands the danger of being a replica of her sister of the west, utterly oblivious of the great destiny of uplifting man. Cinema actresses of Hollywood and Caumont brand will soon replace Sita and Savitri. Glamour so graphically depicted on the screen and the seductive arts so well portrayed on the stage, combined with contributions in journals and magazines teaching the arts of make-up and the psychology of developing attractive personality, must mean a good-bye to modesty that has been one of the chief characteristics of Indian womanhood. The joint family system is breaking up, as it broke up in Europe when industrial civilisation set in. Family, like the village, is a primary group. An individual finds his place, his *locus standi* there and becomes a person. Torn from the moorings of these primary groups, he becomes a physical and spiritual nomad. Walking, cycling, motoring round the world, are all signs of restlessness in a machanised order. Fantastic experiments in marriage, disintegration of joint family, increase in divorce, abortion, all have their roots in science and machine.

Social diseases, which came to us from the west are now no longer confined to sea-ports and large cities, but are invading our rural regions as well. The health and vitality of our nation are at a low ebb and cannot stand comparison with those of any other country in the world. Fortunately, we are just waking up to the necessity of reverting to our indigenous systems of medicine which are comparatively more efficacious and economical than those of the west. But the day when every man, woman and child in need of medical attendance will get it is still far off. Cancer, known to be the disease of civilisation, is beginning to be common in India. Malaria, plague, cholera, kalazar, though partially controlled, still take a heavy toll of mortality in India. Artificial rejuvenation, lust of life which is death, is becoming common in India.

Movie houses multiply by the dozen in large cities, and travelling picture-shows are invading our rural regions. The Ras-Lila, the travelling theatre of India, which dramatised the

religious and spiritual lore of India, is fast disappearing. Our people witness movies screened in India or abroad, but they are cast in alien spirit, and there is an emotional response that is not Indian in tone. Everything is being westernised, mechanised. Profit making motive is taking possession of arts and entertainment. Our daily metropolitan newspaper gives more space to sports, games, races, sex, cinema, stocks and shares than to actual news.

Crime, which is an unfailing index of social disorganisation, is on the increase. Train and mail robberies, bank robberies, rape, kidnapping, hold-ups, traffic in women and children, are quite common in India now, and the papers publish the news in flaring head-lines. If we read the official reports submitted during the last year by the Inspector-Generals of Police of the various provinces, we find one and all complaining of the rise in crime. The criminal in India emulates his colleague of the west whose exploits he sees in the cinema, and presses science into service. Hatchets and daggers are being replaced by guns and pistols stolen from government armouries. When the embargo over the arms is removed by the Government and the volatile temperament of the tropics get control of them, it will be a much worse situation.

III

Amidst this wide-spread social disorganisation, there is very little intelligently organised social welfare work. We have yet to learn how to organise our charities, so as to make every rupee go the longest way. Social welfare work is a science, not a mere soft sentimentality.

Our education cannot help representing the success of the philosophy of science and machine. In the first place, most of our institutions of higher learning are located in cities, creations of science. The success of physical sciences that have come from the west has led to our indiscriminate homage to the philosophy that they represent. Consequently, the ideologies of struggle for existence and survival of the fittest have fought their way into our educational theory. There is no adjustment between education and life around us. While unemployment increases, while the village is in the process of disintegration and men herd together in cities in search of work, the universities continue to receive and send out graduates by the thousand. Meanwhile, the proportion of possible employments to the number of claimants grows narrower, and there is widespread dissatisfaction.

The number of subjects taught in our universities has certainly increased; sometimes, one feels that the syllabuses are

unnecessarily over-burdened. A want of idealism still clings to our educational system. Our students are compelled to develop a mania for passing examinations. They want the largest number of marks with the strictest economy of knowledge and labour. Annotations abound. There is a great emphasis on natural sciences, and the social sciences are offered in a very truncated manner. There is no binding link between them; they function in isolation and without any reference to the larger realities of life. The younger generation does not leave our halls of learning sufficiently strengthened to adjust itself to the new environments created by machine and science and discharge the duties on its return to the life of the world. When every boy and girl from the village comes running and seeks admission to the college and the university, the professors must be over-worked. The emphasis is on quantity all along the line. There can be neither creative study on the part of the students, nor efficient teaching on the part of the professors, since both must work under pressure and for a set purpose, which is to eke out a living.

The philosophy of science and machine is conflict, and the relationship between the teacher and the student is based on conflict. The teacher can no longer be considered as one who imparts knowledge and should therefore be reverenced; and the student is no more a candidate for wisdom. Both become cogs in the machine, the former to earn a living, the latter to pass cxaminations and get out. The students have learnt to go on strikes in exactly the same manner as do the industrial workers in the factories and the mills. There is a continuous friction between the teacher and the taught. The students demand dismisals of teachers and officials whose lives have been dedicated to India's service for decades. There is not a day that we do not come across a report of some school or College strike or leakage of examination papers, which is only another form of sabotage. This is a sad commentary indeed on a country whose educational ideals and institutions have been models for imitation by other civilisations of early times.

The commercialised entertainment, the movie, the radio and the race-course surround our young men and women in our cities; it is only natural that there should be a craving for sensation. False ideals of "getting rich quick" dominate the minds of the students; wealth has become the criterion of appraising greatness of individuals. The seeds for scramble for wordly goods are sown in the early school and college days of our students. Our young generation is no longer prepared to accept the social and religious controls which the idler has known; the link between the past and the present is being quickly broken.

Sex is already rearing its threatening head and becoming a major problem in our educational institutions. In a situation such as this, it is only natural that our higher educational system should come in for a good deal of criticism and the demand of its overhauling become insistent.

When we come to the political scene, the effects of conflict with the western culture assume alarming proportions. Democracy, a child of science and machine, is being transplanted in India, with all its futilities. We, like the west, are beginning to believe in the hallucination of numbers. We must have large electorates, legislatures with large numbers of representatives. Whether these representatives attend the sessions regularly or not, look upon their tasks as grave responsibilities, and whether they have the brains to fully understand and appreciate the significance of the complex problems of a changing social order, is another matter. We judge the strength of our political organisations by their size. Quantity reigns supreme ; quality is at a discount. It is the mob psychology that prevails. Those who wear a particular kind of head-gear or have been to jails for a few months, have earned the right to sit in the deliberative assemblies of a nation that prides itself on placing the brahman, man of wisdom, above the head of the "madding crowd." Our National Congress has a tremendous task before it if it only realised its significance.

The modern technique of propaganda is throwing up into the lime-light a new type of leader who is very much like the political boss of the west. With the printing press and the platform at his disposal, he exploits the enthusiasm of the masses under the mask of patriotism. Self-interest, not service of the people, is what counts. We have developed a plethora of parties, and our politicians are picking up the art of lobbying and jobbery. In one province alone, there are no less than nine political parties. These are the off-spring of industrialism, of machine and science.

We have a horde of contending political idoelogies, fighting for mastery : socialism, syndicalism, bolshevism, fascism and the rest. The meredian of international politics may shift from Madrid to Moscow, from Munich to Tokyo, but we follow it with close attention. We have become internationally-minded, and yet we are pathetically provincial.

One of the most interesting fields for study of the effects of the new culture of machine and science is that of inter-provincial relationships. Fate called India to a synthesis of peoples, races, religions and philosophies. People moved freely from province to province; they went on pilgrimages and made their residences far away from their homes. This free mingling was further augmented by railways and other mechanical devices of western

culture. But by a curious twist in our psychology, we have become victims of petty provincialism, division, isolation. Our provincialism is very much analogous to the aggressive nationalism of the western nations, some of which are smaller than our districts. If the Congress High Command has been compelled to accept this balkanisation of India, it is because the philosophy of conflict and self-interest has come to stay with us. We are subverting the processes of history, and with our limited vision, are segregating people into their respective regions. The Provincial Public Service Commissions advertise widely for applications for various government posts, but they do not fail to make it clear that only residents of the province need apply. We are thus sacrificing talent for the sake of provincial preferences and nepotism. Each linguistic area of India now demands autonomy and wants to be separated from other parts. The efforts of the Government of Madras to introduce Hindi into the Province has met with considerable opposition.

When viewed as a social process, this is exactly the same thing as the western arrogant nationalism and hatred that have made Europe a shamble. Only we have no weapens to carry on the warfare, but the conflict-patterns, both in India and Europe, have a family-likeness. To look upon India as a part of the world and to envisage her problems from national and international points of view is something very much different from thinking of her in terms of a community, party or a province. That way lies death. The nemesis that has overtaken the mechanised west will be our fate. Mobility, spatial and social, that is migration of people from one province to the other and along the sliding scale of social status, is one of the most vital elements of social progress.

The philosophy of rights, aggressive and assertive, is a creation of mechanical civilisation. The possessed and the dispossessed are always engaged in a mutual war. We, in India, are immortalising these legal fictions in our constitution. Duty, dharma, an intelligent adaptation to environment, with one's feet firmly fixed in the eternal verities, finds no place in our life. Our future generations, drilled in these dogmas of rights and privileges, of success at the cost of the other fellow, will rush at each other's throats as will these provinces fight with each other. The repetition of Europe's history, in a slightly different form, is not a remote possibility in India. No matter how stable our organisation or the party program may be, the process of national disintegration can slip through and clutch at our very souls.

How can any higher feelings of spiritual values supervene when the educational institutions give no attention to the

problem, when the social, economic and political institutions are based on conflict? Religion which smoothens social life, helps the individual to find his niche in the social cosmos and fulfil his dharma, which imparts enthusiasm to his efforts for human welfare, which softens the blows of fate, which enriches and expands his inner being and sustains him in his sorrow—that religion has no place in a mechanised milieu. Money-making becomes the *summum bonum* of life. People are all the time goaded on to success. The sources of friction, however trivial, between the two major communities of India begin to multiply and there is a constant fear of general disruption. Separation, Pakistan, Jihad, are all phases of machine-mind. We are in danger of accepting the materialistic philosophy of life and rationalistic religion of the same type and on the same scale as in the west, unless we take special care to guard ourselves from contamination. Evidences of a new materialism in India are not wanting. The modern barbarian has his habitat here as in any other part of the world.

IV

The present social disorganisation that we witness in India is born of conflict between two cultures and has to be intelligently understood and consciously controlled. But how are we to do it?

Our first task would be to understand the history, evolution and functioning of these two types of culture. We must get a clear grasp of the underlying processes that eventually incarnated into these cultural patterns or configurations. We shall have to begin with the study of the relationship between the organic and the inorganic environments and man. Next would come the history and the equipment of the peoples, their folkways and modes, their ways of thinking and acting. We would then have to close in and concentrate our attention on man, his original nature, his biological endowments, the human nature acquired through processes of interaction between him and the group, on the processes of interaction, such as competition, conflict, accommodation and final assimilation into the social order, on the development of his social attitudes and ideas, on the mechanisms of social control through which society checks the centrifugal tendencies of its members, on the collective behaviour of people, men in mass. The problems of population, both in the qualitative and quantitative aspects, are a significant phase of social life. The mechanism and technique of propaganda, employed by economic, religious and political organisations and leaders, formation of public opinion, would form other fields of study. Social mobility, both horizontal and vertical, that is, change from one group to another and from one social rank to

another, would give us a clue to the dynamics of the social order. The major social institutions, such as education, marriage, family, economics, politics, religion, arts and sciences, their evolution and adaptation to the changing order and the process of their atrophy, would give us an idea of the direction in which the social life of the people is moving. Further, we would have to study the two types of communities, the rural and the urban, in which people live, their effects on man and the general drift of civilisation. An interesting field of study is the process of social change, evolutionary and sudden, the problem of social disorganisation and the technique of social repairs and social reconstruction. Finally, we would have to face the problem of values and answer the question whether there is such a thing as social progress, consciously willed and planned, or whether human life must drift along like an uncontrolled boat on an unchartered sea. If we attempted this procedure of understanding the life of any group or nation, we would be studying SOCIOLOGY.

Now, it is quite obvious that a subject, thus defined, will be suspected of encroaching on the boundaries of other social sciences such as history, geography, anthropology, psychology, pedagogics, economics, politics, ethics, philosophy and religion, and of robbing them of their uniqueness. But on closer scrutiny, it will be found that it is not so much an encroachment as a drawing together into an organic unity these various social sciences that have remained and functioned in isolation, and not unoften in mutual antagonism. Sociology stands for synthesis. Its one imperative demand is a co-ordination of these social sciences, representing different segments of social life. We can see this quite clearly if we take up one social problem. Let us take crime. The natural and social environments causing crime relate it to the region of human ecology; racial and hereditary factors connect it with anthropology and biology. Maladjustment of behaviour, physical and mental disabilities, bring in psychology and psychiatry. Educational theory and practice reveal the inadequate equipment given to an individual for creative living and earning a livelihood. Economics point to the direction of unemployment, poverty, poor wages, poor housing, excessive population, old age, public health measures. Crime is conected with statistics, politics, jurisprudence, ethics and religion from their respective angles. All these social sciences are thus closely connected in a pragmatic manner and find their fulfilment in the architectonic science, Sociology.

Just as Biology studies the general phenomenon of life, which finds concrete expression in botany and zoology, the plant and the animal life, so does Sociology study the social life of man

which finds expression through manifold institutions, represented by various social sciences. Indeed, the emergence of sociology has given birth to many new connecting social disciplines, such as human ecology, social and cultural anthropology, social biology, social history, social psychology, social economics, social politics. The derivative and synthetic character of Sociology has turned out to be its strongest point ; it has helped in filling out the unoccupied spaces between various disciplines and then synthesising their methods of and points of view. In the institutions of higher learning in the west, particularly in those of America, it is increasingly realised that no social science, taught in isolation, has a meaning, unless it is related to other social sciences. The institute of Human Relations at Yale University or the Graduate Schools of Social Research and Social Welfare in different universities are well known. Here, the contributions of various social sciences are brought together and focussed on the one central problem of integrated, wholesome social life. The nineteenth century was a century of physical sciences ; the twentieth is that of social sciences. The era of analysis and monistic interpretation of human social life is passing away. Humanity has taken a definite turn in the direction of synthesis and Sociology.

V

If we wish to introduce this subject in the educational institutions in our country, we shall have to move in various directions simultaneously. We shall have to make Sociology a high school, a graduate and post graduate subject. The high schools should offer elements of Sociology, initiating the young minds into the complex web of social life ; at the college level, there should be somewhat advanced study of both the theoretical and practical aspects of the subject, so that by the time the student has taken his B. A. degree, he knows something of the possibilities of study, research and practical training in the social welfare work in front of him. The post-graduate work should be devoted to more advanced study, with emphasis on specialisation, so that men and women, trained in the methods of sociological approach and qualified in social welfare work, shall go out and aid, through class-room work and field service, in the general task of social repairs and social reconstruction.

Secondly, the universities located in large cities will find it highly desirable to establish Schools of Social Welfare Work where practical training in social administration shall be given to those who go in for it as a profession. A city is a sociological laboratory on a small scale. A school of the type herein recommended can be effective as a training ground in the technique of

social welfare in the rural and urban regions. The City Corporations should be invited to bear a part of the financial responsibility, as is done in the west.

Finally, each Department in the University should be made to face the interrogation, why ? Why is any subject being taught at all ? What is the purpose which years of strenuous labour on the part of both the professors and students lead to ? The facing of the challenge will lead to "socialisation" of the subject and a co-ordination of the various subjects and Departments into an organic whole, all marching in line, focussing their varied points of view on one problem—a well-adjusted social life in a dynamic, changing social order.

If we accept the definition and field of Sociology as herein outlined, it is obvious that there will be many new courses which will have to be placed on an already over-burdened curriculum. A fully equipped and well organised Department of Sociology would offer, for example: Human Ecology ; Cultural and Social Anthropology ; Social Biology ; Man in Society ; Social attitudes ; Social Differentiation ; Social Mobility : Social Psychology ; Social Processes ; Means of Social Control ; Propaganda ; Public Opinion ; Collective Behaviour ; Social Institutions ; Educational Sociology ; Marriage ; Family ; Divorce ; Population Problems ; Race Problems ; Sociology of economic Relations ; Political Sociology ; Criminology and Penology ; Sociology of religion ; Sociology of Arts ; Rural Sociology ; Urban Sociology ; Social Change ; Social Disorganisation ; Social Case work ; Social Administration ; Social Progress ; Social Reconstruction ; History of Social Thought in Ancient Civilisations, in Europe, in America and in India.

This is obviously impossible and unnecessary. Sociology must grow and find a place among friends. Not unoften, humble beginnings ensure success and better results. With the present state of finances in the universities and the needs of the country, we could begin with a Diploma course of twelve months, covering the following fields :

1. Principles of Sociology.
2. Social Psychology.
3. Social Institutions.
4. Criminology.
5. History of Social Thought.
6. Indian Social Situation.

These few subjects will help to give a fairly full and rounded-out picture of the science of Sociology to the student. After it

has succeeded in evoking sympathetic interest from both the teacher and the student in the university, it would be possible to consider the question of making it a degree subject, like History, Politics, Economics, Philosophy, etc.

We have a long road to travel and the sooner we begin, the better. India's method of social adjustment and reconstruction has a world-wide significance. Civilisation is still in the making, and the whole world is looking toward India for guidance. It is interested in seeing how India will carry herself through this cultural assault. If our educational institutions set their hands to the task, study and understand the trend of India's destiny and the place she occupies in the economy of the world, then every moment would be considered sacred. The foundations of India's new cultural synthesis must be laid in the universities. For this mighty and majestic task, study of Sociology is indispensable.

Mr. R. P. Masani

Bombay's New Vice-Chancellor.

By Dr. K. R. SRINIVASA IYENGAR, M. A., D. Lit.

ON April 1, Mr. R. P. Masani assumed the arduous duties of the Vice-Chancellorship of the Bombay University. He took the place of Mr. V. N. Chandavarkar whose administration of University affairs had been marked by an almost steel-frame efficiency. During the six years of his regime, rules and regulations were not merely framed, but more often than not were adhered to ; the Bifurcation Scheme was introduced; Inter-Collegiate Sports were organized ; physical instruction was made compulsory ; the Technological Course was instituted and placed on a stable basis ; examiners' fees were drastically cut, and later on, partially restored ; several new Colleges were opened ; the University Buildings were extended ; a stiff fight was put up on the question of equivalence of examinations conducted by other Indian Universities, and Bombay's honour was thereby vindicated ; the Degree Reorganization Scheme came up for consideration again and again, but somehow it was ultimately shelved, though not because the Vice-Chancellor spared any pains on its behalf ; and to-day more students are appearing at the various University examinations than ever before. Mr. Chandavarkar, a stern and unbending businessman, at the end of his more than normal term of office, could certainly present a Report indicating progress in all directions. An efficient and successful regime—one could hardly withhold the compliment.

An Indian University is a vast administrative machine ; it is a collection of students ; and, above all, it is a House of Learning, that ought to be pure and undefiled. Mr. R. P. Masani is by training as stern a businessman as his distinguished predecessor ; but he is more. He is an Oriental Scholar whose name commands affection and respect in exclusive and responsible quarters all over the world. He is a diligent student even at the age of sixty-two. He is a bookworm, and a producer of books ; he is a member of the Managing Committee of the P. E. N., India Centre. He is a man of urbanity and good sense, of gentlemanliness and culture; he is an ardent social reformer and an enthusiastic organizer of Adult Education; and he is an embodiment of all the civic virtues. No worthier choice could have been made to direct and control the complicated machinery of the Bombay University.

Mr. Masani's administrative experience has been long and varied. He was municipal Secretary to the Bombay Corporation

for fifteen years, Deputy Municipal Commissioner for five years, and Municipal Commissioner for about six months. He then made an intensive study of banking in England and, on his return to India, worked as Manager of the Central Bank of India, Ltd. till 1928. Subsequently, Mr. Masani served as secretary to the Provincial Banking Enquiry Committee and as Joint Secretary to the Central Banking Enquiry Committee. He has been connected in one way or other with the Reserve Bank of India since its inception. Finally, he is a Fellow of the Institute of Bankers.

Nor is Mr. Masani new to the University bodies. He has been a member of the Senate for about ten years, a member of the Syndicate for about six years, and has been the Chairman of the Board of Studies in Commerce. As President of the Bombay Presidency Adult Education Association, Mr. Masani has been in intimate touch with the stupendous problem of mass education. Further, he has been actively associated with cultural and humanitarian institutions like the Bombay Anthropological Society, the Society for the Protection of Children in Western India, the N. M. Wadia Charities, the Bombay Vigilance Association and the K. R. Cama Oriental Institute. These multifarious interests and activities bespeak a wide-awake mind, and a restless civic conscience that would express itself in work.

These are creditable enough. But what is astonishing in Mr. Masani is the way in which he has managed, all through the incessant hurry and strife of his active life, to escape off and on to the 'Ivroy Tower', exchanging innumerable couplets with the faded poets of ancient Iran and India. He is a reverent and enthusiastic student of the humanities. He is at once the author of books on the "Evolution of Local Self-Government in Bombay" and "Law and Procedure of the Bombay Municipal Corporation," and also on "Folklore of Wells," being a study of water-worship in the East and in the West. He has given us an abridged version of Matiq-ut-Tayr with the title *The Conference of Birds: A Sufi Anthology*. More recently, he has given in *Court Poets of Iran and India: An Anthology of Wit and Verse* almost a popular history of Persian poetry, full of choice anecdotes concerning poets and their poetry. And in *The Religion of the Good Life* Mr. Masani has ably summarised the central tenets of Zoroastrianism, its code of ethics and ritual. It is a book that illuminates at once this hoary subject and the fine quality of Mr. Masani's mind.

Mr. Masani is the first Parsi after the late Sir Pherozeshah Mehta to be appointed Vice-Chancellor of the Bombay University. Equally like him, if not to an equal extent, Mr. Masani has tried to embody in his life the Zoroastrian triad of "good thoughts,

good words, and good deeds." The ancient Zoroastrians, Mr. Masani tells us, " considered it essential so to educate children during their most impressionable days as to deepen their concern for the common good and to stimulate and diffuse a spirit of citizenship......It is to these doctrines of piety and truth, industry and self-help, compassion and charity, humanity and service that the survival of the faith of Zarathushtra till this day as the Religion of the Good Life is due." It is a happy augury that an ardent Zoroastrian, holding such ideals of conduct, has been called upon to discharge the duties of the exalted office of the Vice-Chancellor of the Bombay University. He may find educational *daevas,* false gods and what not, strutting the narrow world of the University, disenchanting the wells of higher education. But Mr. Masani, a true Zoroastrian who believes in giving open battle to evil, is sure to uproot unhealthy influences (if any), and to make the University at once apt machinery for grinding down good education and a human agency intent upon the pursuit of knowledge.

Businessman and administrator Mr. Masani might be; he might be a member of the Church Militant, willing to give no quarter to evil or to corruption; but what must endear him to us most is his exquisite literary taste. One could repose absolute trust in a man who, in the midst of business, is willing to render a few lines of ancient Persian into modern English verse, who is eager to snatch a few minutes of leisure to regale us with forgotten anecdotes of ancient Court poets—how a shepherd boy became a court poet, how the glamorous Nur Jahan and her royal husband had "frequent sallies of wit ", how Shah Jahan compelled four of his ministers to make impromtu verses on an intriguing incident, how Rukn-e Sayen's extempore poetry gained him his liberty ! Mr. Masani, one would think, is really living in the Courts of old Iran and India; but one immediately realizes that he is almost as intimate with modern English poetry as with ancient Persian. A quatrain attributed to Umar Khayyam is rendered into English verse, and presently Mr. Masani quotes surprisingly parallel verses from Robert Browning's *Bishop Blougham's Apology;* the quintessential message of the great Iranian prophet is paralleled by Tennyson's immortal lines:

" Oh ! yet we hope that somehow good
will be the final goal of ill."

Coming to the high office of the Vice-Chancellor of the University with such an unflinching assertion of hope, Mr. Masani is sure to give humanities their rightful place and to rationalize and humanize the University machinery.

Favourable Orders

By RECORDER

THE man was muttering complaints as he opened the rooms of the District Office of Rampur that cold and rainy morning. It was on a Sunday too. "Why could we not have the holiday today"? he hissed shaking the rain drops from off his cloth over his large turban. Hardly had he drawn the bolts when there came another, also dripping with rain water and shivering.

"Well, Shaik Jan," the new-comer began, removing his coat and hanging it dry, as the other went on with the pretence of dusting things. Suddenly the man with the duster turned. "It is not fair, it is not honest. I can't work like this and God knows I am ready to drop. How do you bear all this, Sir? If I were the Manager like you,—well, the boss should ere now have learnt a few things, that is all."

"Take it easy, man," Vanchinathan, the Manager of the District Office, smiled indulgently. "Beggars can't be choosers, you know." He added after a pause, "Shaik Jan, havn't we stuck it out under worse days?"

"It is no easy going, this hurricane pace of the new master, Sir, "burst out Shaik Jan throwing down the duster in disgust. "Many officers have come and gone but none have I seen to equal the present," began the complaining peon, but he could not conclude his speech as the Manager turned his back and, with a silencing gesture, went inside. Shaik Jan stood for a while and then shook his head in firm resolve, "I think the time has arrived for me to leave this and go on the road driving a jutka or a bus" and with this assurance he picked up the duster again and went on scrubbing an already polished mahagony piece.

Not for long, as there was an interruption. "Who will come to office on Sundays and at this beastly weather?" broke out rasping from the new-comer coughing between the words. "Why can't you speak to the officer about it, Sir?"

"Hello, Head Clerk, how are we to-day?" was the provoking greeting from the Manager. In a minute or two there was a gathering. Shaik Jan with the duster, the Head Clerk with his coughing and the other clerks and peons collected in the Manager's office, "Sir, this has got to stop, or we go." The old frame of the Head Clerk who had weathered many a storm before was now shivering either with anger or with cold as he delivered the ultimatum.

Vanchi was a kind and sympathetic soul. He knew that ever since the arrival of the new officer trouble like gathering clouds had been brewing and it was only a question of time when it would burst. He knew that flesh and blood could not stand the bluster and bullying of the new man who had come out as their chief, with strange notions of his office, and the officials of the District Office of Rampur had not needed any paiticular shake-up from a new broom, as this experience had proved. He also knew that this raw officer who got his orders to proceed to this district straight from his landing at Bombay a few months ago from Oxford, held that the whole Service looked to him to whip up what he had often read as the 'oriental slovenliness." So things were humming in the office as on that particular Sunday morning. The quiet and unassuming manager who kept his office spick and span, putting efficiency and energy into the work turned out according to regulations, shrewdly guessed on the first day of the new Chief's rule in that office that there were difficult times ahead, not only for the office which was a small matter but for the whole district whose destinies were entrusted to this out-of-focus product of a vanishing generation. All this came to his mind as he listened to the voices in the verandah and to the ultimatum that morning. They all expected him to do something and brave as he was, he could not let down his comrades now.

A car drove up, heavily screened, and a young man in rain proof overalls stepped on the pavement lightly. "Hello, boy come in"—the greeting from the Manager was merry and bright. "Good bye, father" the young man said smiling and standing on the doorstep, hesitating. There was a lump in the elderly man's throat as he looked fondly at his tall and fair-looking son. Yes, he had planned to accompany him to the station that morning but the Chief had intervened and had ordered the office to be open that Sunday from morning hours.

"I am sorry, old man," smiled the father, "I can't take you to the station. I am also sorry I can't take mother and children to the party to-day."

"But it is Sunday, father," the youth protested.

"To men like the Chief there are no Sundays and workdays. He belongs to the race of slave drivers, boy, and he must drive because he has money and power and it is our lot to be driven." The bitter irony of these words went into the soul of the youth as he looked into the immeasurable sadness in his father's eyes. And as he looked, he felt a slow hardening of his muscles. A grim determination came to him. Hard on the track of his imagination an idea was taking shape.

He went to the window of his father's room and looked out. The rain pattered and dark clouds hung completing the picture of gloom. The frogs cackled and added to the dismal scene. The father as he watched his son framed in the window glass felt a strange softness towards him whom he had not seen ten years and who had come to him only for a brief stay of four days. He initialled a couple of letters on the tray, sent it back to the office and rose.

" Work over ?" the youth questioned.

" Yes, for the day," the father replied and after a pause added to himself, musing, " The pity of it all is, the Chief is not by any means a hard-hearted man. I know hate walks in this office and outside. The poor ryots, the scrambling lawyers, the sweating clerks have all but one feeling towards him, an overmastering hate. It is due to his overbearing manners, his inhuman treatment and inconsiderate acts. I hope, I fondly hope, he checks himself before it is too late."

" He won't, unless he is taught, the brute—" hissed the youth, who heard all his father's remarks.

There at that moment in the pat-pat of the beating rain and wind, wading through knee-deep muddy rainwater, and each huddled in coarse gunny hoods whispering and trembling, a group of villagers were approaching the office. And as they saw the shining young man through the window, clad in over-alls and smartly dressed, they bowed and salaamed severally and insistently. Did they mistake him for the boss ? With a puzzled look the young man turned to his father.

The salutations of the crowd were repeated and this time there was no mistake. His father whispered in his ears, " That is grand, boy, they take you for the boss, you know." There was a whoop of delight somewhere inside him, as the youth stepped out and removed his hat.

The ryots did not mind the rain. They did not mind the dripping " kamblies " in their person, they did not mind the muddy ground and the chill running streams, but on they came, the poor, suffering and trembling peasants of a draught-ridden land, and bent their knees on the steps in great trepidation. "Oh! Lord save us; we have come twenty-nine miles for paying our respects in person, Your Honour, because our petitions have failed."

The Manager was carried away by the sheer audacity of his son. When he recovered, a look from the youth silenced him. And now when the blundering ryots prayed and pleaded and the young man was calmly assuring them protection and remission, like the Officer himself, intelligence dawned and the father

stepped behind the youth with all respect and spoke loudly." This is the fourth time, Your Honour, they ask for remission. They want to see the Board Member who is here on visit. But—" he added in a minor key, " it is their habit to whine and cry like this; their fathers had done it before them." " Noy, noy " their answering cry was pitiable in the extreme, " this is the seventh year that rains have failed, Swami. Your officers know it. How can we pay the kist when we cannot feed our starving wives and children? "

" Have not your petitions been answered ? Why bother again ? " the Manager's voice was very official. Taking in this interesting drama at a glance, the clerks and peon with the duster fell into line and acted their part well. One brought the files, another hurried with stationery, another came in to keep order for the " Chief " by admonishing pretty frequently and quite officiously the motle crowd to keep silent and to speak one at a time and a fourth was ready with an umbrella spread over the head of the young man as if to protect him from the rain which did not beat there. At last after each one had gone through his tale of woe, one old man who generally acted as the spokesman said in firm voice and shaking head, "To-day, the Board Member is here, we have heard, and rain or no rain we throw ourselves at his mercy and here we remain till we see him ".

"Head Clerk, bring up the reports of the Inspectors " ordered the youth in the correct official tone. After they were brought and he had looked into them all, he directed, " To every one of them, prepare a favourable answer, see " ? The peasants fell flat on the sacking earth in profuse thankfulness and gushing gratitude. The " Officer " after a whispered conference with the Manager, jumped into the car and drove away with a curt nod.

Precisely at 3-30 in the afternoon that day, the smart chaprasi at the Dak Bungalow took the papers of the " Officer " in a silver tray to the Hon'ble Member of the Board. The Hon'ble Member had just finished a nice luncheon, thanks to the foresight of the Officer after a very sound nap and found the world and life in it peaceful and pleasant. And his mood of general good-humour lost none of its charm as he looked at the papers on the tray. Fellow feeling simply oozed out of him that happy afternoon when he had enjoyed an excellent lunch and drink. And the cigar – well, he had not known the like of it and there was a smile of contentment as he found that a whole packet of it had been sent round by the Officer. So good of him, indeed.

Yes, he had asked the Chief to see him if possible that day with any papers that needed his looking into—especially the papers connected with villagers' petitions. Of course, he

remembered that if possible he might have to drop in at the office for a few minutes but the weather just then put that out of the question. The weather indeed ! He could understand rain, even cold mornings and winds but this storm and thunder and lightning and torrents of the monsoon—well, he simply ordered his men to pack for the night and quit by the convenient night mail back. There was not much time to lose. Was he to see the Officer whom he had already seen at the railway station that morning? Or, was he to look into the 'darned' papers? He had left the grey walls of the Secretariat a fortnight ago on this the last of his tours in this country in gloom and some pain, for to him there was to be no memento which he might carry to his distant home in the north of Ireland and pass it on as a heirloom to his grand-children as a reminder of his quarter of a century service in distant India. He was leaving the country in a month on a well-earned pension and of course, he wanted to make good now that he was leaving this dear land. It looked certainly pleasant to leave his name honoured and remembered in grateful memory, and incidentally to get a good notice in the press. Several years had passed away, quite uneventful and unrecorded years, and he was aware nobody had cared if he lived or died. There had not been even a party or function in which he had made a speech and the Hon'ble Member felt that afternoon that he was capable of great oratory. The necessity for being noticed in the editorial columns of a prominent newspaper was borne in upon him as never before. And he must hurry up. All these thoughts which came to him gave place to one idea as he rose and brightened up.

"What is that?" he asked as the chaprasi quietly laid the files on the table. Tilting his cigar he casually drew up a record. The first glance was enough. The petition of a particular drought-ridden village revealed a pathetic situation, as testified to by successive inspecting officers. The petition was for remission of kist and had the recommendations of the revenue officials. But scribbled across was a red ink splash with the word "no" in the hand of the new Chief. The Hon'ble Member sat up.

He ordered the peon to inform the Chief that he would go to the office later if possible and that he need not wait. He took up the files again. Strangely enough, the first page of every well-arranged file, contained a categorical, unmistakable, unconditional grant of the request petitioned for. There was not one order in the negative, the case for sanctioning every one of the prayers was so completely made out with facts and figures that the Hon'ble Member simply wondered. And his wonder grew,

as he saw the significant blank left below those scores of orders to be filled up by his own signature. There was no mistake about it. Beneath every blank line, was superscribed, "The Hon'ble Member of the Board."

He did not think long. Here was Fortune calling him definitely to take his opportunity and he lost no time. In half an hour he had put down his flourishing signature on all the orders sanctioning remissions and grants for wells and irrigation, promotions and rewards, cancellation of punishments and dismissals. And as he put down his pen and put back the cigar in his mouth, he wondered how many homes he had rendered happy that day and he registered now to promote the Chief at once for the extremely good records he had prepared for him. He wrote out an order promptly transferring him to Madras forthwith on promotion in the place of his Secretary who was also coming along with him on leave to England. Yes, what a great day it was surely! He got up to dress.

An hour passed and the rain still held. The Hon'ble Member waited for half an hour more and as the rain still beat and the weather was growing chill, the considerate chaprasi brought him warm drinks liberally.

It all happend then. In a blare of trumpets and drum beating, aglow with blazing torches and amidst weird country band and fanfare, it all happened—the illuminating homage to an Officer of State by a whole population of grateful hearts. The entire town came out to participate in the rejoicing and gathered in front of the Dak Bungalow to have a glimpse of the great man who had granted their requests beyond their expectations. Flowers and garlands, heaps of them, sugar candy in sacks, almonds and fruits poured into the bungalow in streams and the demonstration procession that came to a halt at the door-step of the Hon'ble Member was truly touching. The Hon'ble Member realised that all this was for him and, as he realised it, he felt a great expansion within him. His vast body swelled. His smile was long and benignant, inhaling the genuine incense. With studied grace he swept aside the gushing thanks of the people outside. He came out and said something, feeling conscious all the time he was making a great speech especially when he saw press reporters struggling to write in that appaling weather, and at the end there were more offerings which did not cease till the train with the Hon'ble Member steamed out of the station amidst deafening cheers. Then, while the train was speeding in the dark night—he did not sleep of course—as he lay in his snug rugs he felt a great calm within him, a quiet joy of being at peace and the spell lay on him the whole night.

" Tea, Sab" —said the butler as he entered on his duties that night in the Chief's Bungalow at Kampur. There was a strange silence in the building and the lamps were unlit, causing the butler to ask what had happened while he was away off duty in the day. There was no response. Then, when the hall lamp was lit, the amazement of the butler was beyond description. For he found his master soundly asleep with two or three empty bottles lying beside the sofa, telling their own tale.

He did not understand, and he was the more mystified, when the Chief in his usual brusqueness ordered him the next morning, " Buck up, old man, we are off to Madras today. We are transferred, see "? And then the butler saw. He had heard some wild stories of processions that previous night, parties at the railway station and of the many good acts of the Board Member and all that from the Bungalow watchman. He had also learnt from him that the young son of the Manager had visited the Chief that afternoon, that there had been some loud talk between them and that after some time there had been some noise as if some body falling heavily on the floor.

The Chief himself was the more surprised when he got the transfer and the promotion so expeditiously from the Hon'ble Member of the Board, who had left the previous night. Yes, strange things had happened to him that previous day, the youth had visited him and there had been a quarrel, then he remembered the sudden leap of the Manager's son upon his person, his crashing to the floor, and his being forced to drink bottle after bottle of vile beer while the youth held his grip. And now when his brain had cleared in the early morning and he wanted to send for the Police Superintendent, this order had come to him so sudden and swift from the Hon'ble Member himself.

" Well, who cares "? "The Chief began to sing, for his promotion meant so many needs answered. As the Manager of the District Office and his son were passing on to the station that morning, finding heaven in a motor car, they glanced at the window of the office and as they did, they saw Shaik Jan dusting away, also with a song, loud and clear.

The Crossing of the Rubicon

By Prof. P. S. RAMAKRISHNA IYER, M. A., L. T. (Retd.)

IT is well-known that the crossing of the Rubicon, despite its apparent triviality, is a signal, decisive, epoch-making event in the career of Julius Caesar which launched him on the flood-tide of a revolution and swept him swiftly forward to fortune and power. Caesar is undoubtedly one of the greatest soldier-statesmen of the world—a masterly personality born to command and rule. Armed with pro-consular imperium, he, in the course of a few years, made himself master of north-western Europe and came to hold a towering position. Consequently, he became an object of extreme dread and jealousy to the brood of selfish and scheming aristocrats at Rome, led by the redoubtable Pompey. Determined to pull him down and crush his power, they treated his proposals regarding his future with haughty scorn and indignity and made him feel almost desperate. At last, realising that he had no course other than an appeal to the sword, he marched down to the Rubicon, a small stream dividing his province from Italy, and crossed it at the head of a well-trained army. This was an act of rebellion against the Republic and amounted to a declaration of war.

Prior to crossing the Rubicon, Caesar found himself in a critical situation. Was he to remain wavering and irresolute, in a spirit of pussilanimity, or was he to move swiftly forward, not minding the perils and uncertainties of the adventure, trusting in himself and his loyal legionaries ? He deliberated long, watched the omens and at last decided on a dash forward. The explanation is not far to seek. Caesar was impelled by a lofty ambition for greatness and glory as well as by noble motives of patriotism. He realised that the republican government no longer suited the Roman state, which was drifting into anarchy and chaos and that Rome needed a leader and master. Who else could that leader be but himself ? Taking a decisive and irrevocable step by crossing the Rubicon, he shattered the republican armies everywhere, advanced from victory to victory and at last clutched the golden keys and seated himself in supreme power. He then proceeded, by a series of drastic and enlightened measures, to confer on the distracted state the blessings of peace, order and prosperity. But, alas, his triumph was short-lived. He soon fell by the assassin's hand.

II

The crisis that confronted Caesar and his crossing of the Rubicon, that is, his taking a resolute, decisive, irrevocable step,

is not a solitary case. Such crises have confronted at times other individuals as well as nations and many of them have also acquitted themselves like Caesar, undaunted by the risks, sufferings and sacrifices involved and inspired only by the nobility and grandeur of their adventure. The impelling motives, or the goal to be attained, might have differed in different cases. While personal ambition *cum* patriotism might have operated in some cases, the quest for spiritual enlightenment or zeal for religious reformation or a spirit of selfless, patriotic service or pity for the fallen and the weak might have operated in others. It may not be out of place to illustrate the above observation by citing a few examples from history, past and present.

III

Benito Mussolini's dramatic march on Rome in October 1922 reminds one of Caesar's crossing of the Rubicon in January 49 B. C. Both are epoch-making events, heralding revolutions, bloody in one case and bloodless in the other. In fact, there are not a few parallels between the two enterprises. The leaders of both movements were masterful personalities, equally great as soldiers, statesmen and scholars and had already attained a dominant position on the eve of their adventures. Both were actuated by more or less the same motives—personal ambition combined with patriotism. The conditions of Italy were more or less similar on both occasions. As in the time of Caesar, even so, in the time of Mussolini, Italy was drifting into anarchy and chaos and it became evident that the existing government was unable to maintain peace and order. Communism had made startling progress and riots and disturbances broke out in several parts of the country. There was supreme need for a leader and master. It was at this crisis that Mussolini stepped forward, led his Fascist revolution, achieved triumph and set up a dictatorship. As under Caesar, so under Mussolini, the country has attained extraordinary power and prestige and thanks to his beneficient and enlightened measures, has made rapid and remarkable progress all-round.

Alexander of Macedonia, soon after his father Philip's death, found himself ruler of Greece, Thrace and Illyria, territories sufficiently extensive to occupy his energies and statesmanship for a life-time. He had also won laurels as a general in a series of brilliant campaigns. He was, however, still unsatisfied, being fired by the extraordinary ambition of extending his empire to the limits of the then-known world, and further, of consolidating this empire on the basis of a common culture. His patriotism was cosmopolitan, and, transcending all barriers of race and speech, embraced all humanity. Impelled by a lofty ambition

and lofty patriotism, he took a bold, decisive, irrevocabable step like Caesar and crossing the Hellespont--his Rubican—embarked on an enterprise of colossal magnitude; regardless of the formidable difficulties, risks and uncertainties of the adventure. His dreams of conquest were largely realised, but his premature death in the very prime of life left his stupendous schemes of consolidation unfulfilled.

IV

All of us know the sublime story of Gautama Buddha. He was born a prince—the son of Suddhodana, the ruler of the Sakya clan. As a prince, he was given an education befitting his rank, and all worldly joys, comforts and luxuries were placed within his reach. He was also married to a fair young lady by whom he had a son. He was thus destined by his parents for a life of princely pomp and splendour, of gaiety and happiness. Strangely enough, these things failed to bring him any joy, happiness or peace of mind. Sensitive and contemplative by nature, he was profoundly affected by the sorrow and suffering, the misery and degradation that he witnessed all round and left brooding over the riddle of life. What was the cause of all this sorrow and suffering? How were they to be conquered? Problems like these worried and perplexed him. After deep deliberation and mental struggle, he resolved, at last, to take a bold, decisive, irrevocable step—to cross the Rubicon, so to speak. One dark night, casting a last, pitiful glance at his young wife and new-born babe, he crosses the threshold of his palace and, calling for his horse, rides away into the darkness, in quest of spiritual enlightenment. After proceeding a short distance, he cuts away his flowing tresses, casts off his rich jewels and robes and, donning a mendicant's garb, wanders forth. He has now taken a momentous step and is a changed man. After long wanderings and fruitless austerities, he at last betakes himself to Gaya where, seated under a *peepal* tree, he gives himself up to deep meditation. Enlightenment comes to him at last and under the title of Buddha (the Enlightened One) he becomes a world-teacher, the founder of a new faith.

To take a modern instance, the story of the world—renowned sage of Thiruvannamalai, Ramana Maharshi, comes to hand. In early life, the sage was known as Venkataraman. As a boy, Venkataraman was of a contemplative temperament and occasionally subject to religious fits. Impelled by spiritual impulses, by a deep yearning for self-knowledge and self-realisation, he resolves to take a bold and decisive step and one fine morning he, like Gautama, quits his home and his kith and kin, for good and professing to go to school, really directs his steps to Tiruvannamalai, the lodestar of his life. He renounces the world, with its

mean pursuits and petty joys and goes forth in quest of a higher wisdom. There, at Tiruvannamalai, amidst untold hardships and sufferings, he passes his days in deep meditation and introspection in the sacred temple of Lord Arunachala and later, in caverns on the hill-slopes, till at last he achieves self-realisation and becomes the world-famed saint of to-day.

V

Martin Luther is well-known as the author of the German Reformation. Even in early life he became an erudite scholar, well-versed in the Bible and the writings of St. Augustine. Through many trials, he steadily worked his way up to the Professorship of Theology in the University of Wittenberg. Essentially a man of spiritual temperament, he had, even in early life, been occasionally subject to strange religious experiences. In 1517 there came about a crisis in Luther's life. The Papal envoy, Tetzel, paid a visit to Wittenberg, with a view to raising funds for the Pope by the sale of indulgences. Luther felt disgusted and scandalised at the unholy traffic in which Tetzel was engaged, which was nothing less than a fraud on the credulous consciences of unsophisticated folk. His soul burned within him and impelled by a spirit of righteous indignation and love of the pure truth, he decided to take up cudgels against the papal envoy and his mission. Accordingly, he prepared ninety-five theses against the doctrine of indulgences and nailed them to the church-door at Wittenberg. He now crossed the Rubicon, so to speak. That is, he took a bold, decisive, momentous step which involved him in a tremendous conflict with the Papacy and landed Germany in a revolution. All his life Luther went on denouncing the corruptions and superstitions of Papal Christianity and preaching the pure truth. The reform movement started by him made remarkable progress in Germany and Lutheranism became the recognised religion of the country.

The career of Raja Ram Mohan Roy, the Luther of India, may also be cited as an illustration. Like Luther, Ram Mohan too, in early life became an erudite scholar, having mastered the Hindu scriptures, such as the Vedas and the Upanishads. Of an inquiring and rationalistic turn of mind, he strove to grasp the fundamentals of Hindu religion in a rational spirit. As in the case of Luther, so in his case also, came about a crisis and that, in his sixteenth year. Disgusted with the idolatry and superstitions of the Hindus, he published in that year a famous book on " Idolatry " in which he condemned the idolatry of the Hindus as contrary to the practice of their ancestors and the doctrines of their scriptures. Thus, he crossed the Rubicon, so to speak. That is, he cut himself off from the orthodox community and took

up a bold, definite position as the enemy of popular Hinduism, with its corruptions, and as a religious reformer. Not in the least daunted or deterred by the ire of his father, resulting in his exile from home, or by the fierce attacks and diatribes of the orthodox, he carried on a vigorous propaganda all his life, condemning superstitious notions and practices and preaching a pure monotheistic faith. At last, he founded the Brahmo Samaj for the worship and adoration of the Eternal, Unsearchable, Immeasurable Being, who is the author and preserver of the Universe. The movement thus founded by him has had a large following in Bengal and elsewhere in our country.

VI

A spirit of high-souled patriotism and selfless service has prompted many great personalities in all ages and countries to take serious, nay revolutionary, steps in their lives, not in the least disheartened by the sufferings, sacrifices and risks that lay ahead. In our own country, we have a brilliant band of such devoted, disinterested patriots to-day, headed by our world-renowned national leader—Mahatma Gandhi. Actuated by a fearless spirit of resistance to injustice and wrong, by fervent devotion to the cause of truth, right and justice and by overflowing sympathy for the submerged classes, did not Mahatmaji, so to speak, take a new birth in his life when he threw away, without any ado, his earthly career with all its glittering prospects, and donning a loin cloth, began to live and work and suffer for the poor and the downtrodden! Has he not crossed the Rubicon many a time in his life, as when he started on his Dandi march to inaugurate the Salt Satyagraha, or went on his fasts on critical occasions! Are not such events conspicuous landmarks in his life, followed, as they were, by consequences of a far-reaching character?

Again, did not patriots like Motilal Nehru and C. R. Das cross the Rubicon when they threw away, without a moment's hesitation, their roaring practice at the bar and dedicated themselves with all they had, to the sacred service of the motherland! The name of such patriots, here or elsewhere, is legion and the names of not a few of them are household words.

VII

In certain cases, patriotism might manifest itself in a commendable and courageous zeal for the emancipation or uplift of classes or communities in a state of subjection or degradation.

The case of Florence Nightingale might be cited. In the early Victorian age women in England were subject to disabilities of various kinds. They were denied opportunities to develop their personality or to play any part in public life. Their lives were narrow and their minds cramped. To quote Gardiner,

" She was a pretty ornament of the dressing room, subject to all the proprieties expressed in prunes and prisms. She had no duty except the duty of being pretty and proper, no part in the work of the world, except the task higher than that of seeing that her overlord's slippers were in the right place". " Why have women passion, intellect, moral activity—these three," exclaims Nightingale, " and a place in society where not one of these can be exercised "? She felt very unhappy over the lot of members of her sex and resolved that she must pioneer a women's movement and achieve for them some measure of freedom. At the age of thirty-five she bravely crossed the Rubicon when, breaking all home-ties, she took to the profession of nursing and set up a hospital for women in Harley street. The polite world thrilled with indignation. A woman, a lady of culture, as manager of an institution ! " It was related at the time that, if she had forged a bill or eloped or betted her father's fortune at New Market, she could not have provoked a more virulent hue and cry than she did by setting herself to a useful work". But she did not mind. She had a dominating will and strength of conviction. She saw her path and trod it with fearless steps. We all know what remarkable progress the women's movement, thus fear-lessly initiated by Nightingale, has made in all countries ever since.

It is well known that the famous American President, Abraham Lincoln, was a strong abolitionist and had, in season and out of season, denounced slavery in scathing terms and made it his fixed purpose to wipe it out from America as early as he could. Consequently on his election as President in 1861, the slave states of the south got alarmed and one by one seceded from the Union and constituted themselves into a separate confederacy. Lincoln was confronted by a crisis. Not only was the Republic threatened with disruption but also the newly-formed confederacy would be a bulwark of slavery. He knew that if he only gave way on the question of slavery, the states that had seceded might return to the Union and there might be no occasion for war. Armed with strength of will and courage of conviction, Lincoln however resolved to face the crisis like a hero, although it might involve the country in the dreadful catastrophe of a civil war. Refusing to budge an inch on the two vital questions of the day – the preservation of the union and the extinction of slavery—he took at last a bold and decisive step and declared war against the rebels. The war was protracted, but Lincoln triumphed in the end and with his triumph, his life's mission was realised.

In our time and in our own province the Congress Ministry has taken not a few bold, decisive, and irrevocable steps with a view to securing the emancipation and uplift of the Harijans.

The recent temple-entry legislation, passsed in the teeth of Sanatanist opposition and outcry, may be cited as an instance of a courageous measure, revolutionary in character and of far-reaching importance.

VIII

It is not only in the case of great historical personages that critical occasions might arise, calling for bold, decisive, even revolutionary steps on their part, but in the case of ordinary mortals too, such situations might arise at times, calculated to their character and soul-force. On the manner in which they acquit themselves on such occasions, whether they face the situation boldly and, like Caesar, take firm, decisive, forward steps or whether, in a craven or calculating spirit, they hesitate, falter and fail, will depend the character and course of their life and destiny.

Nicholas Roerich

By BARNETT. D. CONLAN.

(Continued from our previous issue.)

IF Roerich's style and inspiration differs considerably from that of Turner, nevertheless he is akin to him in his wide survey of Nature and in what might be called his reading of the earth.

Turner's work conveys a wonderful impression of dawn and sunset, of the toilers on sea and land, of ancient cities, of the immense panorama of the past, of life holding on its way through storm and darkness, and all this, in a way that neither poetry nor history could have attempted.

If Roerich has given us the Chateaux of Maitreya and the Citadels of Tibet in heroic mood, rather than the Chateaux of the Loire in the romantic way, this is because our century is quite another matter and because he is the advance guard of our time.

There is one aspect in which he approaches Turner nearer than anyone--he is the greatest painter of mountains that has appeared since the death of Turner.

His realm is not altogether the poetic world of Wordsworth and Shelley but rather that of Ancient Myth again stirring with life and pointing to the Future.

" The Sign of Maitreya " gives us this mythic atmosphere of the mountains.

A Tibetan surrounded by lofty peaks is praying before a colossal rock carving of Maitreya and suddenly catches sight of the Great Horseman as he manifests himself riding in the shape of a cloud. The picture which has the incisive beauty of the best Indian and Japanese work, has an epic grandeur which recalls the movement of the Homeric hexameter.

I am inclined to think it corresponds to reality, that it is not a mere product of the imagination. Such things have occurred to many of us and to Roerich, I could imagine, more than to most. They are signs of a New Era, of new psychic perceptions, of a subtle world which is all about us, waiting until we are sufficiently evolved to perceive it.

One of the most genuine of modern mystics, E. Carpenter, went so far as to suppose that Nature was constantly communicating with us through such signs and waiting for us to evolve to a point where he could read them :

"It may take us a long time to learn that the lines of the sea and sunset sky, these forms and colours of the trees and flowers are the expression of ideas waiting perhaps through the ages for their interpreters."

Roerich is such an interpreter, and in this respect he is a long way ahead of most of the other painters of our time.

This element which is present, to more or less extent, in all his work differentiates him from such great poets as Turner and Shelley ; otherwise he is the only artist, perhaps, since their day, who possesses the same rare sense of luminous beauty.

In the "Guardians of the Entrance" we have an imagery which might well be that of some modern Book of Revelations, or the frontispiece to one of Roerich's own remarkable books— "Realm of Light."

A warrior, wrapped in tongues of flame, stands on guard at the entrance to the Realm of Light, which glimmers below through an abyss in the mountains.

It might be the approach to that mysterious subterranean kingdom of the Agharti, about which much has been written in recent years; or it may be an image of what one has to confront if one really wishes to attain to light.

This may be one of those works which has caused Roerich to be known as a 'theosophical' painter. Theosophy has come to mean a great many different things since the time of Plotinus; on the whole, they are live things, and most of those who attack these movements with the facts and figures of crystallized creeds hardly ever produce anything inspiring themselves. Nevertheless, Roerich's work has a wider appeal than 'theosophy'. Eschylus wrote nearly one hundred tragedies the very titles of which disclose a world of heroes and demi-gods, whose history is raised to the higher realms of myth. Roerich, at times, approaches very near to these tremendous personages of Eschylus. In his latest works in which he is never tired of depicting the mountains and the colossal rock carvings of Maitreya, there is an Egyptian grandeur which recalls the great tragedian.

His work is more comprehensive than that of any modern scientific outlook whether of the theosophical or psychological order, for he is in touch with all the great religions, myths and poetic legends of the past and this gives colour and concrete value to his work.

His religious outlook would seem to differ from that of most people in being much more religious. Most believers adhere to some particular scheme or creed to which they attach more

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importance than to the living spirit. Roerich's belief reminds one, in some ways, of Wordsworth's: it is something that saturates all his art and writings and at every moment of the day. This is significant when we remember that Wordsworth had the same adoration for mountains. It suggests that all deep spirituality is derived from the mountains, and that the lofty regions of the earth are, as it were, the dwelling place of the Higher Consciousness.

The Greeks who are supposed to have never left the city—the polis—and to have created there that peculiarly flourishing business known as politics, were not always indifferent to mountains and natural scenery. It might be possible for an art critic to show that the beauty of Greek sculpture and architecture was derived, in great part, from those exquisite proportions of cape and promontory and mountain that can be seen from the Acropolis. The cult of such high places as Olympus, Parnassus, Hymettus, Taygetus, and the fact that their holy oracle was located amidst the towering precipices of Delphi shows that ancient Greece, long before the day of its sophists and politicians, knew the power of the mountain.

In China, this cult for the high regions of the earth lasted longer than with any other race. Three thousand years of Art, Poetry and Philosophy, inspired in great part by the mountain, made China one of the most cultured races of the world.

It is the only race that has possessed a religion of Culture, as Roerich understands it, and one of the elements of this religion was a cult of sacred mountains.

It is well to remember this when we are studying the work of Roerich, for there is certainly a link between his art and this spirit of the ancient Chinese.

Since the days of Ancient China no one has striven so consistently as Roerich has done to paint the spirit of the mountains.

It is possible that the mountain meant much more to the Chinese than to us.

In Chinese the sign for 'man' when combined with that for the 'mountain' gives the compound for 'spirit', and Chinese literature, whether it be that of the poets, Buddhists or Taoists, is full of reference to the mountain.

"There where lofty peaks glitter overhead and the waterfalls resound, man attains to perfection."

"The sages, poets and saints come from the mountain and return there."

"Towards the evening of his life he departed for the mountains and was transformed into spirit."

This is in striking contrast with the West which has generally looked upon mountains with an unfavourable eye, considering them, more or less, as the abode of robbers and a hindrance to civilization.

This uncultured attitude lasted almost to the time of Wordsworth and at the period when the wealthy Chinese mandarins together with the philosophers and artists abandoned their palaces to retire to the mountains as to some earthly Paradise, mediaeval Europe, as one witty historian informs us, 'left that pursuit to the Devil'.

Ruskin, writing after Wordsworth, took much trouble to prove that few painters before Turner had taken any particular interest in mountains.

His story of the influence of the mountain in our religious and artistic development is not a very cheerful one, for neither in art nor religion has Europe depended upon the mountain to the same extent as in Asia.

One might almost say that the great things in Asiatic Art and Religion came from the mountain, whereas in Europe they arose from the cities and the plains.

The cathedrals are an instance; whereas in Asia many of the sacred mountains, such as Mt. Omi in China and Mt. Hei in Japan are covered with temples almost to the summits.

We are apt to forget that Asia possesses an immense number of sacred mountains, giant ranges whose influence may have given rise to such noble spiritual architectures as the Mahayana, a metaphysical structure as sublime in its way as the Himalayas.

The innumerable saints and Enlightened Ones who have dwelt for milleniums among these mountains have bequeathed an inexhaustible treasure of spirituality which Lamas and hermits from Mongolia to the Himalayas have handed down until to-day.

We read of a Chinese emperor who, more than forty centuries ago, derived his wisdom and system of government from 'The Great teachers of the Snowy Range', and today Roerich assures us that the New Age and its Enlightened Ones will arise from these same regions.

And if life is too short for us to fathom all the subtleties of Buddhist learning with its 84,000 doctrines, nevertheless we can penetrate much of it and get some idea of the inexhaustible spiritual treasures which have been kept for us in the temples and mountain fastnesses of inner Asia.

Whether the sacred character of the mountain in Asia be derived from the almost unending succession of saints and hermits who have dwelt there or from the intense purity of the air

of these high regions, joined to the magnetic power which all great mountains possess, is difficult to determine.

Those who live there subsist on little, very little, and seem to despise all those physical comforts which they have left below in their ascent to the Absolute.

All this is in striking contrast with Europe whose lofty regions are, to a great extent, associated with dairy produce and hotel comforts.

If we cannot compare a Cardinal Wolseley, who succumbed beneath the weight of his silver plate, to Padma Sambhava; or Francis Bacon weighed down by a mass of learning that had neither light nor heat with Milarepa, who knows if such a difference does not reside in the transcendental power of great mountains?

The higher altitude refines and detaches and seems to impart that energy which finally kindles with light and heat. The city, on the other hand, may lead to nothing more than the accumulation of wealth, luxury and social distinctions.

'To live in those spots that most men avoid brings one nearer to the Tao' is an ancient Chinese saying.

And perhaps nothing is more imposing in the vast annals of Chinese art and poetry than the influence of the mountain, which recurs, again and again, with its constant leitmotiv.

If we glance back through the last two thousand years of Chinese poetry picking out a volume, at random, from any of the Dynasties, we shall always meet with the sign for the mountain. And we can go still further back to Yi-King, the Book of Changes, that is, three thousand years ago, and we shall discover a whole philosophy pertaining to the mountain.

The early period of Chinese culture, of which so little is yet known, is, perhaps, the most fascinating of any. The natural simplicity of its art and doctrines has the beauty of precious jade, and the sacred character of jade, it should be remembered, is something coeval with the cult of great mountains.

The more we study this early Culture, the more we are convinced that Roerich's discovery of the universal beauty of the Stone Age is well founded.

In the Chou King, the Book of History, we read of an Emperor Chun, making an offering of consecrated jade to the spirits of Heaven and Earth, and are told that the ceremony took place at the summit of the sacred Tai Shan more than forty centuries ago!

When, after ten centuries or more, Taoism, Buddhism and Confucianism became the recognised cults, they all continued this adoration for the mountain.

We have heard much of the decadent forms of Taoism, of Chinese superstition, and the absurd rites of Feng-Shui, the geomancer's art. These judgments are, in some ways, perhaps, superficial. No doubt these cults are decadent like many of our own but the spirit that originally informed them was anything but ridiculous.

The bronze art of this early period which has been revealed to us only in the last thirty years, is now recognized as something unique, and its technical qualities are considered to surpass even those of Greek art.

The same may occur with these so-called superstitions, and with increased knowledge we shall find that many apparently ridiculous practises are, in reality, the vestiges of a lost science.

Ancient China seems to have known far more than we of today about the advantages of certain geographical positions.

Here is the picture of a Chinese landscape which has remained unchanged throughout the Ages :

" A temple in honour of the Taoist deities, who protect the city, crowns the summit of the mountain, and a pagoda, within the walls, increases the favourable influences of the place ; moreover, it receives a sympathetic current from the great Feng Shui pagoda, on another height, to the south of the river."

This would seem to show that Ancient China possessed a science of magnetic currents which has been lost.

The cult of sacred mountains which dates back some five thousand years or more may, for all we know, take its origin in the still more remote period of the Stone Age.

When Roerich, with scientific proofs, shows us that the Stone Age was a time of Art and Culture, we feel that he refers to the period which Chuang-tzu describes as the Golden Age when men were able to walk through fire.

Such an age-long cult of the mountain cannot have been without its influence upon art, and it is not surprising that some of the greatest painters of China were painters of the mountain.

Whether such an influence had the effect of making Chinese landscape art more spiritual than that of other countries is not easy to say, but no one will deny that it has a rare transcendent quality which we do not meet with elsewhere.

Dr. Oswald Siren who has gone deeper into the question of Chinese art than anyone of our time says :

" The Chinese artist to a certain degree freed himself from the tyranny of bodily limitations and centred his consciousness in spiritual nature, and he was thus free to express abstract

conceptions in a less conventional form. He withdrew himself from his lower consciousness, from subservience to the laws of nature through a process of abstraction which, indeed, to some extent is operative in all artistic creation, but which is carried much further in Chinese art than in that of the Western races."

The study of Chinese art has brought this eminent critic to quite other conclusions than those of most modern writers on art:

"If one explains art purely through technique one describes merely the various elements in the genesis of artistic creation. One will be saying nothing about the spiritual mystery which gives the art its power of fascination."

"We have hardly ventured to draw the natural conclusion that the highest expressions of man's soul life, one of which is art, must have their origin in a spiritual will."

This conclusion, opposed in most ways to modern thought, is ineresting because it is inspired, to a great extent, from contact with ancient Chinese art.

Elsewhere the same critic explains how Byzantine Art approaches nearer to the lofty refinement of the Chinese than Gothic art, for instance, which was always close to realism.

The spiritual quality of art, then, increases as one goes East, and we shall find that the highest qualities of a work derive, as Hsieh-Ho told us so many centuries ago, from 'the fusion of the rhythm of the spirit with the movement of living things.'

Such a survey of the Chinese temperament and the cult of sacred mountains brings us very near to Roerich. He belongs, at least in spirit, to this tradition. His vision is very different to the urban outlook of to-day, it has the span of immense deserts, the elevation of great mountains and a primordial character and directness which we seem to have lost.

He is filled with the idea of reconstruction, of building up a new world by means of art: "You know that outside of art religion is inaccessible, outside of art the spirit of nationality is lost, outside of art science is dark".

It is well to note that Prof. Alexander, one of the most scientific and mathematical minds of to-day, comes to much the same conclusion.

"The Western world is now suffering from the limited moral outlook of the three previous generations, during which the most advanced industrial countries treated art as a frivolity.

"This soul would wither without fertilization from its transient experiences. This fertilization of the soul is the reason for the necessity of art".

" The importance of a living art which moves on and yet leaves its permanent mark can hardly be exaggerated ".

When Roerich insists upon the all-importance of art in daily life he is therefore proclaiming what the most advanced psychologists of our time are beginning to discover.

But his conception of art differs in many ways from that of the past. To him art is synonymous with the highest form of activity.

" We are introducing by all means art into all manifestations of life. We are striving to show the quality of creative labour which can be known only in the ecstasy before the beautiful. This is the all-vibrating Nirvana – not the false Nirvana of immobility but the Nirvana of the noblest and most intense activity, Obstacles are only new possibilities to create beneficent energy. Without battle there is no victory ".

Here he strikes a note which brings art into harmony with the other activities of our times. We think of Eschylus rather than of Burne Jones and realise that if the future takes this dynamic view of art then the world may, as Dostoievsky and Roerich have proclaimed, be saved through Beauty.

His vision of a 'Nirvana of the noblest and most intense activity' suggests a New Buddhism based not so much on the activity of monks as of artists.

The Roerich family, who direct the Himalayan Research Institute, form a remarkable advance guard for the understanding of Asia, and if ever another Renaissance should result from a spiritual co-operation of East and West they will have contributed to it much as the Lorenzo family helped on the Italian Renaissance.

Dr. George Roerich, the artist's son, has shown scientific powers of observation in his 'Trails to Inmost', * a detailed account of the Roerich expedition through Tibet and Central Asia. He is a distinguished orientalist, possesses a knowledge of many of the Central Asian dialects as well as Mongolian and Tibetan, and is the author of an Anglo-Tibetan dictionary. His publications on Tibetan painting and the native religions and cults of Central Asia give a good idea of the value of the work being done at the Institute.

Svetoslav Roerich, well known by the portraits he has executed of his father, is, we feel certain, a born portrait painter. It will be interesting to follow his evolution in contact with Buddhist portrait paintings, an art which carries with it a sense of higher dimensions.

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* Yale University Press.

Madame Elena Ivanlovna Roerich, the untiring companion of the artist in all his explorations and lofty achievements, possesses a rare comprehension of Asia and the Future and one which is not only intellectual but spiritual.

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It is this link with the Asia of the future which makes all Roerich's work so vital and fascinating. He looks forward to a New Era, a beneficent Age, and to the coming of Maitreya in which he has as firm a belief as any Asiatic. Here one feels sure that he is right.

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' If the Crusades gave rise to a whole epoch, then the Age of Maitreya will be a thousand times more significant.'

Such is the message of Roerich who looks upon Culture as a power no longer partial and opposed to its surroundings, but universal like the beauty of the Stone Age.

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His intense belief in the power of beauty to transmute evil into good is as the foundation of all his work. This brings him very near to Plato, and still nearer to the ancient Chinese who seem to have carried this belief to more spiritual conclusions than the Greeks.

When he tells us that: 'Culture and the achievement of Empires have been constructed by beauty' we know that he has looked with a sympathetic eye on the art of all the ages, and that there is little that has escaped his attention.

(To be continued).

Natives of Australia

It was two hundred years ago,
Cook found this fertile continent;
Where naked natives did resent
To see " White-Skin ", their mortal foe!

They dwelt in miamias made of bark,
In winter or in pouring rain;
The dingo and kangaroo vain,
And possum prowled when it was dark.

The snake and lizard, kangaroo,
Were dainty bits of heart's desire;
And with two sticks they kindled fire,
Nor used a match-stick as we do!

They danced their native corroboree,
On moolit nights 'neath starry skies,
And with their keen observant eyes
They scanned the weather's vagary!

The boomerang they threw with skill,
And used the spear with graceful ease;
And roamed over the fertile leas
The food-giving animals to kill.

But thanks to " White-Skins " friendliness,
They work for them or for them slave!
And learn the ways of the skilled and brave,
And eat tinned-food with thankfulness!

Jehangir R. P. Mody.

Reviews

Sripati Paddhati. A Sanskrit work on Mathematical astrology translated into English with notes and a sample horoscope worked out by Pandita Bhushana V. Subramania Sastri, B. A., Assistant Secretary to the Government of Mysore, (Retired)—Revised and enlarged. Printed by V. B. Subbiah and Sons, Bangalore. Price Rs. 2—12—0

The author of this original work appears to have lived in the eleventh century A. D. About nine treatises on astrology are attributed to him of which one is a commentary on Brihatjataka of Varahamibira. In this branch of astrological knowledge there appear to have been a few predecessors to Sripathi. The work in question is a supplementary treatise to the Brihatjataka. The study of both these treatises may be taken together to work out a complete scheme of knowledge. But the Brihatjataka, though a very much more extensive work treating of various topics arising in astrology, does not call for the exacting technical knowledge of mathematical formulae that this work requires from start to finish.

In chapter V of this work, which may be taken to be the crux of the whole book, the principles of Ayurdaya are examined from the point of view of the Pindayurdaya and Amsakayurdaya, chiefly. In addition to the above two methods, Naisargikayurdaya and Jeevasarmayurdaya are considered. The conditions and circumstances under which one method is to be preferred to the rest are set out by the author. The scheme followed here for determining Ayurdaya bears a close resemblance to the Ayurdaya chapter and the Dasas and Antardasas chapter in Brihadjataka. The length of life of a native, according to Brihatjataka, is determined with reference to the duration of the different Dasas that may be lived out by the native as figured out in the Dasas and Antardasas chapter; but this work improves on the fundamental propositions in this regard of the Brihadjataka, by determining the relative strength of the ascendant and of the different planets in terms of mathematical propositions. To this task, which is really stupendous in character, the author addresses himself in chapters III and IV of which nothing that is useful could be learned without familiarity with the mathematical propositions worked out in them.

As to whether in terms of the relative strength of the planets and the ascendant as determined by chapters III and IV of the work, results could be predicted for a native during the different planetary periods that are passed by him, under the scheme of the Ududasa or the Nakshatra Marga Dasa is not indicated in the work. But in so far as they are applicable, I think even the Ududasa scheme must be affected by this method of determining the relative strength of the planets.

The Shadpalas of the planets is a familiar conception in astrology. In predictive astrology, the correctness of the evaluation of planetary influence is determined by the considerations of the shadpalas; but how to correctly evaluate the shadpalas is a question that is attempted to be answered in this work.

In chapter IV two methods are mentioned for finding the amount of good and evil each planet contributes to the life. The validity of the second method is questioned.

Throughout the book, the translator quotes the parallel passages on kindred topics from Kesava Daivagna, Parasara and others, and indicates preference of one view to the other. The sample horoscope is worked out to substantiate the validity of the different propositions laid down in the book. The translation is lucid and simple. A summary in English of all the chapters is added in Appendix II. The author of the summary is Mr. Robert de Luce of Los Angeles, a well-known western student of Indian astrology.

The translator is entitled to the grateful recognition of the reading public interested in astrology for the very useful work carried out by him.

P. V. A.

പൌരസ്ത്യദീപം. By Nalappat Narayana Menon. Revised edition. Published by The Vanneri Book Depot, Punnayurkulam. Price Re. 1.

This book of 147 pages of closely packed matter is a translation of Sir Edwin Arnold's inspiring work, "The Light of Asia". The story of the great personality is given in great detail, the principal tenet of his religion and their psychological background being very ably depicted. The translation is wonderfully lucid and, considering the nature of the theme, deserves warm praise. It is works of this substantial sort that enrich a literature and measure its attainments. This new edition is therefore, to be welcomed.

The printing and get up of the book are neat and tidy.

The Second Book of Kural with translation and notes by the Hon'ble C. Rajagopalachari. Published by Messrs. Rochouse and Sons, Ltd., Esplanade, Madras. Price Re. 1.

This is a highly interesting publication. The second book of the Kural contains wise sayings intended for "princes, statesmen and men of affairs". The work is attributed to the first century B. C. and contains evidence of highly developed political thought which in its applicability to our own presen-day political problems is surprising and remarkable. Mr. Rajagopalachari's notes and translation are characteristically lucid and simple and, being couched in modern phraseology, appeals all the more to the present generation which can understand politics only through a foreign medium. With a background of such sound political philosophy, one may remark, it is not surprising that Mr. Rajagopalachari has been the success that he has been as Premier.

The printing and get of the book leave nothing to be desired. But it would have been better if the author's notes and translation had been set in different types, so that it might be easier to distinguish between his comments and the translation.

தம்பி! வா— By the Hon'ble C. Rajagopalachari. Published by Messrs Rochouse and Sons, Ltd., Esplanade, Madras. Price As. 2.

This pretty little booklet is intended as a first book for the illiterate adult, whose psychology has much of the pathetic element in it. Mr. Rajagopalachari shows a good understanding of this fact and has composed the

book with an awareness of the difficulties and handicaps that the illiterate man has. The words and sentences used are of familiar occurence and everyday use and show a leaning towards village life—which is as it should be. The title of the book, the ardent invitation தம்பி ! வா ! (" Come, brother !) is a clever stroke, which is sure to have its effect on the village folk. The premier is verily a poetic politician.

The Self Hindi Teacher by Edward John. Published by Ram Narain Lal, Publisher and Book-Seller, Allahabad. Price As. 12.

All self-teachers undertake a difficult task and rarely succeed, but the author of this book seems to have succeeded where many others have failed. His aim has been to provide a working knowledge of Hindi by this book. It is, therefore, sufficiently elaborate in details and so useful for beginners. Details of grammar and pronunciation are also clearly set forth and an intelligent use of the book, we feel, will bring a working knowledge of this language which is growing in importance day by day and is destined to be our national language in the near future.

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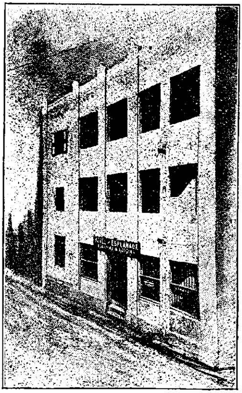

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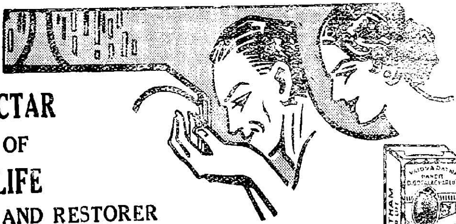

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With September, THE SCHOLAR completes the fourteenth year o[illegible] existence and, in accordance with our practice in previous years, the number of the new volume will be an extraordinary number.

It will contain a larger number of features than usual, and numer[illegible] pictures, views, stories, poems and contributions in lighter vein.

The 1939 Annual will be a star number and provide a favourable [illegible] suitable opportunity for advertisers who, it is hoped, will patronise i[illegible] large numbers.

A single copy will cost annas twelve, but those who register their na[illegible] in advance will get a concession of annas two a copy. This concession [illegible] be allowed till October 25. As usual, subscribers will get their Annual C[illegible] free as also new subscribers who begin their period from the Annual, [illegible] from October 1939.

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